

A Certain Wheeler Boy by [orphan_account](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-03-02

Updated: 2018-03-02

Packaged: 2022-04-21 15:15:58

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,485

Publisher: [archiveofourown.org](#)

Summary:

Will has never spoken to his crush, Mike Wheeler, until he gets dragged to a party.

A Certain Wheeler Boy

Author's Note:

beta'd by my girl @theglasspassenger again i adore her she's such a good writer please love her

The music blaring was far too loud for Will. As much as he liked music, this was all too much. It wasn't even good music, either. It was the type of 80s pop he hated. He didn't remember why he came to this party. There were too many people, too many *drunk* people, too loud music, and no place to sit.

He needed to find Max.

"God, Will. You're a junior, and you've never been to a party?" Max was incredulous. She only went to parties for the free booze and to make fun of people, but even she couldn't believe it.

Will rolled his eyes and kept staring at the poster on the ceiling above his bed. "Nope. And I don't plan on it."

"That's changing tonight. You're coming. Jennifer Hayes' parents are out of town, and *I* need a ride." She immediately started combing through his closet, looking for something to make him wear. "Plus," she wiggled her eyebrows, "you never know who you'll run into. Maybe a certain Wheeler boy."

"Max, you realize I've never spoken to him, right? I just think he's cute. Not to mention he's definitely straight. It's not happening."

"He looks at you the same way you look at him. He's not straight." She took a shirt out of the closet and threw it at him. "Now put this on. It'll make you look hot."

Will sat up and gripped the edge of his bed. "He just broke up with Jane! He's straight, and getting over a breakup!"

Max raised her eyebrows. "You realize you're speaking to a bisexual, right? I'm not the only one that exists. There's more of us."

"Max, Mike Wheeler is not bi. He's too pretty to be anything but straight. I'm cursed with only being attracted to desperately heterosexual guys."

"Just shut up and put the shirt on."

So here he was. At a party he didn't want to be at, a can of coke in hand, looking for his best friend. He just wanted to go home. Or, at the very least, sit down.

Instead, he just stared at Mike, who was lucky enough to have a spot on the couch, from across the room.

God, it's so unfair, he thought. *No one is allowed to be that attractive.*

Max appeared behind him out of nowhere. "Just go talk to him, you big homo. He's gonna catch you staring."

Will shook his head. "Nuh uh. No way. I'm not drunk enough for that."

"You're drinking Coke. You'll never be drunk enough for that. Now go over there before I have to drag you over." She grinned. "Look! The spot next to him just opened up. Perfect excuse."

Will thought about it for a second before he walked towards the couch. That didn't mean he was going to say anything to Mike, though. Just that he wanted to sit down. As soon as he got there, though, a giant of a man sat down, pulling his girlfriend with him.

Will got pushed onto Mike's lap. Coke spilled all over his chest.

Will's blush was out of control, but he didn't get up. "Oh my god, I am so sorry. I really didn't mean to. Sit on your lap or spill on you. I'm so sorry."

Mike just smiled at him. "It's really fine, man. I could use some help getting cleaned up, though."

"Yes! Of course. It's the least I could do." Will got off Mike's lap and waited for him to stand.

"Come with me, Byers." Mike put his hand on Will's shoulder, and it took everything in Will to keep from collapsing under the touch. It felt like he floated rather than walked to the bathroom.

Mike got down on the floor, not seeming to mind that at least three wasted teenagers had already thrown up right where he sat.

"Grab a towel, wet it a little, and hand it to me. I don't mind cleaning myself. Just keep me company, will ya?"

Will did exactly that before propping himself up on the counter.

They stayed silent for a few minutes until Mike looked up at Will.

"You're gay, right?" It was clear that Mike noticed how tense Will got. "I'm not gonna kick your ass or anything if you say yes. I'm just wondering."

Will took a deep breath. "Yeah. I am gay."

Mike nodded as he dabbed the towel against the Coke, just to have something to do. "Good to know. Got a boyfriend or anything?"

Will just blushed and shook his head at the ground.

"That's a damn shame. You're a good lookin' guy, Will. And you're smart, *and* I've heard you have good music taste. Some dude's gonna get really lucky one day when he lands you."

Before he could stop himself, Will blurted, "Max says you're bi. She's bi, and claims she can smell another bi person miles away. Is that why you asked? Are you flirting?"

Mike furrowed his brows. "Bi? What's that?"

"Bisexual. It means you like guys and girls. Y'know, like David Bowie.

And Freddie Mercury.”

Mike slammed both of his hands down on the ground next to him in shock. “There’s a word for it?! Damn, I thought I was crazy.”

“So it’s true? You like guys?”

Mike laughed. “You’re gay. You’ve seen guys. Of course I like guys.” Will smiled.

“Have you ever kissed one?”

“My parents are ultra-conservatives. I didn’t even know that bisexuality existed until thirty seconds ago. In my house, there’s faggots, dykes, and then good ol’ god-fearing heterosexuals. So no, I’ve never kissed a guy. What about you?”

Will shook his head. “I’ve never kissed anyone.”

“No one? Not even in elementary school as a dumb kid who wanted to see what it was like?”

Will shook his head again, a light blush dusting his cheeks. “I didn’t have any friends until Max moved here a few years ago. By then, I knew I didn’t want to kiss a girl. Even if she was badass and had a guy’s name.”

Mike thought for a second. “If you could kiss any guy, who would you pick?”

“River Phoenix. No Question.”

“Oh, good choice. He’s always been hot. I’d probably have to go with Rob Lowe, but Rob Lowe in *The Outsiders*. My sister dragged me to see it when it came out, and I knew then that I liked guys. I mean, I’ve always known I liked guys, but Rob Lowe really proved it to me.”

“Don’t act like you didn’t want to see it, Wheeler. I remember you reading it in third grade.”

Mike grinned. “You remember that? How in the hell?”

Will shrugged. "You were the only other boy in class who actually liked reading. I paid attention to the books you read."

Mike blushed ever so slightly, but it made his freckles stand out just a touch. "I was very proud of having an eighth grade reading level in only third grade."

"As you should have been. I only had a sixth grade level. Art was my strong suit. Still is."

Mike reached to put his hand over Will's. "Your art is so amazing, Will. Have I told you that before? I know it's practice and not talent and stuff, but I really think you're talented. Sue me."

Will shook his head and mumbled, "I less want to sue you and more kiss you."

Mike shrugged. "Go for it, Byers. I give you an open invitation to kiss me."

"You weren't supposed to hear that."

Mike shrugged again. "I'm still inviting you to kiss me, whether I was supposed to hear it or not. But you really don't have to if you don't want to. It's just, y'know, an option. If you want." Mike picked at the skin on his thumb, suddenly aware of how weird he made the air in the room.

"Don't be stupid. I definitely want to kiss you." Mike perked up, looking at Will like a child who was just promised ice cream as a reward for good behavior.

"Really?"

"Michael Wheeler, have you seen yourself? Have you heard yourself speak? Have you heard your laugh? Have you seen your smile? I'd be stupid to *not* want to kiss you."

Mike stood up, grabbing Will's other hand and pulling him off the counter. "Am I making the first move? Is that what I'm supposed to do?"

“I think...” Will guided Mike’s now-shaking hands to his hips. “You put your hands there. And I put my hands around your neck.” Will did what he said as he said it, looking Mike in the eyes. “And then you kiss me.”

Mike smiled as he leaned in to kiss Will.

Parties really didn’t seem to be as bad as Will thought they would be. As long as he got to be kissed by a certain Wheeler boy, he could stomach a lot more parties.

Author's Note:

thank you for reading this!!! i hope you liked it & i did them justice!! i have a kind of time stamp half written which i’ll probably put up sometime this week so stay tuned

dm me on twitter @pietrobergamo if you ever wanna talk about The Boys™ or have an idea for a fic you want written!! i’ll see what i can do